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From the National Era.

The Love-Knot.

BY NORA PERRY.

Tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied her raven ringlets in,
But not alone in the silken snare
Did she catch her lovely floating hair,
For, tying her bonnet under chin,
She tied a young man's heart within.

They were strolling together up the hill,
Where the wind comes blowing merry and chill,
And it blew the curls a frolicksome race,
All over the happy, peach-colored face,
Till sco'ding and laughing she tied them in,
Under the beautiful, dimpled chin.

And it blew a color, bright as the bloom
Of the pinkest fuschia's tossing plume,
All over the cheeks of the prettiest girl,
That ever imprisoned a romping curl,
Or, tying her bonnet under her chin,
Tied a young man's heart within.

Steeper and steeper grew the hill,
Madder, merrier, chillier still
The western wind blew down and played
The wildest tricks with the little maid,
As, tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied a young man's heart within.

Oh, western wind, do you think it was fair
To play such tricks with her floating hair!
To gladly, gleefully, do your best,
To blow her against the young man's breast,
Where he as gladly folded her in,
And kissed her mouth and her dimpled chin!

Oh, Ellery Vane, you little thought,
An hour ago, when you besought
This country lass to walk with you,
After the sun had dried the dew,
What perilous danger you'd be in,
As she tied her bonnet under her chin.

"He Drinks!"

How ominous that sentence falls! How we pause in conversation and ejaculate, "It is a pity." How his mother hopes he will not when he grows older: and his sister persuades them that it is only a few wild oats he is sowing! And yet the old men shake their heads and feel gloomy when they think about it. Young men just commencing life, buoyant with hope, don't drink. You are freighted with a precious cargo. The hopes of your old parents, of your sisters, of your wives, of your children—are all laid down upon you. In you the aged live over again their young days; through you only can that weary one you love obtain a position in society; and from the level on which you place them, must your children go into the great struggle of life.—Exchange.

Would to heaven that paragraphs like the above might be found in every newspaper from Maine to Texas, and that, being read by young men the shot might strike home, and secure a permanent reformation. Singular as it may appear, very few men who drink to excess can be found, who do not denounce the habit in the strongest terms—not the slightest benefit is derived from it, yet each succeeding year beholds many a new made grave, which but for habits of intoxication, would yet be tenantless. Ask any gray haired resident of Natchez to give you the names of his youthful associates—go with him to the cemetery, and let him point to the last sad resting place of the chivalric, brave, honorable, kind hearted youth who now fill a drunkard's grave. The information he can give you will chill the heart like an ice bolt, and then, if capable of appreciating the lesson, be warned in time.—Natchez Courier.

☞"Please ex." as the printer said when he offered his hand to a nice little girl.

BILL GULL'S COURTSHIP.

'I got married when I was twenty,' said Bill Gull one day, 'I got married to Phebe Chalk, and all these things, young Gulls, that you see running 'round here, came from my lump of Chalk—by gull.'

Bill Gull always swore 'by gull.' It was his only oath. She was a lump of Chalk as large one way as she was the other. Bill Gull was always a backward, bashful youth, and some surprise was expressed that he ever got married at all,

'By gull,' said he, 'my Grandmother's ghost did the job.'

'Ghost—job—how's that!'

'I'll tell you about it. You see I was about as green as a spring goslin, and I thought Phebe was, too. By gull, she wasn't though—but she knew I was. We had a sneakin' notion of each other for about two years, but it wouldn't have come to anything if it hadn't been for the ghost. I was too bashful in the way o' making love. I could not say as much as boo to a goose: And Phebe was just as bashful, that is, I thought so, but she wasn't by a long shot. One night about a half an hour after I had gone to bed, as I lay thinking of Phebe—for I had been sitting up with her till rather a late hour, as usual, without bringing anything to pass—the door of the room opened slowly and softly, and in walked a ghostly spectre. The moon was shining full in at my window, and I could not be mistaken. It was all in white—I rose up in bed, while my teeth chattered and the perspiration ran off in streams. It came almost to my bedside, and pointed a long horny finger at me that went through me like a red hot iron. I tried to speak, but it was no go. At last a husky voice said:

'Bill Gull, I am the ghost of your grandmother. You must marry Phebe Chalk right away. You have fooled your time away long enough. Pop the question before to-morrow night, or I will appear again—do it, Bill Gull.'

The old lady disappeared so quick, that I couldn't tell where she went to. I didn't sleep a wink that night. The sensations that kept crawling over me were awful. I thought I felt my hair turn grey—my teeth falling out, my legs and arms dr[illegible] and all kinds of queer feelings. It was the longest night I ever experienced. Morning came at last. I met Phebe in the dining room, while she was preparing for breakfast; she had been our house-keeper ever since my grandmother died—three years. My grandmother died three years before.'

'Bill, what's the matter with you!' said Phebe.

'I feel pale,' said I.

'You look pale,' said she.

'Such a night,' said I.

'What was the matter, Bill!'

'My grandmother's ghost.'

'You don't say so!'

'Yes, and she said that—'

'What, Bill!'

'That I must marry you.'

'What else, Bill!'

'That I must pop the question to-day, or she would come again to-night.'

'Bill, take my advice—pop the question, and let the old lady rest in peace.'

'I do,' said I.

'Well, Bill, I'll have you just to keep the old lady quiet, provided, Bill, that you won't ask me to—to—sleep with you.'

I promised—just for my grandmother's sake.

After breakfast, Phebe spoke to the old gentleman about it. He said it was all right, go ahead. Well we went ahead; at least she did. In three weeks Phebe Chalk became Mrs. Gull.'

'She gulled you completely.'

'Yes, I found that out, and I'll tell you how. On the night of our marriage she went off to her own room and I went to mine. It was according to agreement, but some how or other I couldn't help thinking that it wasn't right, and the more I thought about it it seemed not just the chalk.

'I reflected on it for hours, and more than once I invoked my grandmother's ghost to appear to Phebe and soften her heart towards me. Finally, as the old lady's ghost seemed to take no further interest in our affairs, I concluded to be ghost myself. Not without a great deal of trepidation, however, I have often wondered at my temerity—for there was a total lack of courage. I walked into Phebe's bed room, and stood by her bedside.

'Good Lord!' said she.

'Phebe Chalk!' said I.

'I ain't Phebe Chalk,' said she; 'I'm married, and my name is Phebe Gull. Who are you!'

'I am the grandmother-in-law, and I have come to tell you that it ain't good for a man to be alone, especially if he has a wife.'

'Well, grandmother, that's just what I have been thinking, ever since I came to bed. It's a very cold night, grandmother, and you must be very cold, too—won't you get in bed and warm you!'

(By gull! I had a great mind to, but I was afraid.)

'No,' said I, 'I must go back to the graveyard. Remember that Bill, your husband is shivering with cold, all alone by himself.'

'Well, grandmother, hadn't you better go and keep Bill warm!'

'No, do it yourself, or I shall appear again—*remember!*'

I growled out the remember with a fearful emphasis, but do you think she was frightened! Not a bit of it. She burst out laughing with all her might, and kept it up for ever so long, while I stood shivering and shaking like a pauper in an ague fit.'

'Now, Bill,' said she, as soon as she stopped laughing, 'don't you think I know you!'

'How do you know me!'

'Well enough—besides there ain't no such things as ghosts.'

'Oh! yes there is though. Didn't my grandmother's ghost tell me to marry you!'

'Bill, that was me!'

'You! by gull!'

'Yes, Bill, that was me.'

'Well, Phebe!'

'How stupid you are, to stand there shaking, half frozen.'

'Well Bill, go on with your story.'

'By gull! I have nothing more to say.'

WHITEWASH.—We shall charge nothing for the following useful receipt. There are many out houses, fences, and even residences in and about Jasper, that would be vastly improved, and last a great deal longer, if they had a coat of white wash well put on. The trouble and expense are but trifling:

Take a barrel and slake a bushel of fresh burnt lime in it, by covering the [illegible] and add one pound of white vitriol (sulphate of zinc) and one quart of fine salt. To give the white wash a cream color, add half a pound yellow ochre, in powder. To give a fawn color add one fourth pound of Indian red. To make a handsome gray stone color add half a pound of French blue, and one fourth pound of Indian red. To make a fine drab color, add half a pound burnt senna, and one fourth pound Venetian red. For brick or stone instead of one bushel of lime use half a bushel of lime and half a bushel of hydraulic cement.

RACE BETWEEN A HORSE AND A LOCOMOTIVE.—A novel race took place at St. Thomas, on Tuesday last, between a blooded race horse and a locomotive. The horse is decided to be a very fast nag, and so is the locomotive, and both were well trained to the track. The arrangement between the betting parties were, that the horse should be at his starting place when the locomotive came up even, and the word "go" should be given when away they went under whip and steam. The judges declared the horse the winner by one half length. The bet was $50 a side, and the distance eighty rods. This bears on the question that the horse is faster than steam.—Hamilton Times.

BREACH OF PROMISE.—The Seneca, New York, Observer says that at the present term of the Circuit Court, Judge Wells presiding, in that village, the most important case tried was that of Priscilla Hartranft vs. J. M. Chamberlain, an action for breach of promise. The case is noticeable for some peculiarities. The plaintiff is forty-four and the defendant forty-nine years of age, and the courtship commenced when the lady was eighteen years old, and the defendant has been married twice. Before his last marriage, the defendant renewed his addresses. The jury rendered a verdict for the plaintiff of $1,200 damages.

DIVORCES.—There were twenty-seven applications for divorce, on the Vanderburgh docket at the commencement of the recent term of the Circuit Court.

☞Why does an aching tooth impose silence on the sufferer? Because it makes him hold his jaw.

☞The following beautiful and expressive lines by one of our fair friends, are as finished in style as true in sentiment. We hope the amiable and gifted writer will favor us frequently with the productions of her skillful pen.

For the Jasper Courier.

Hope.

Though turbid waters o'er me wave,
And deep their angry currents be,
Still Hope will lift her beacon light,
And guide me safely o'er the sea.
Sweet Star of Hope.

The only star that never sets,
Though all its sister fires may fly,
The only flower that never droops,
Though all its fair companions die,
Is fadeless Hope.

For the Jasper Courier.

To Vindex.

Did you ever dream, Sir Vindex,
That you had a loving wife,
Who was cheerful, kind and pleasant,
And as dear to you as life?
Who would smile when you were cross,
Till for shame your tempere'd mend,
And when you were in trouble
Would prove your truest friend?

Did you dream that when your labor
For the day was fairly done,
You could turn your footsteps homeward,
With the thought that there was one
Waiting then to hail your coming,
With a joyful, smiling face,
And to make your supper sweeter
By her gentle, quiet grace?

Did you dream, when supper's over,
And the tea-things cleared away,
You sat down beside the loved one,
And forgot the cares of day?
That a rosy fire was burning
In a little polished stove,
That the 'tongs' or e'en the 'broomstick'
Cou'd not tempt you then to rove!

Did you ever dream a little cherub,
That could barely lisp [illegible]

OCCUPATIONS OF THE JEWS.—It is a singular fact, revealed in the last census of the United States, that while there are seven hundred thousand Jews in this country, only one person who is a Jew is registered as a farmer. The Jews are traders, not attached to the soil where they are found, but ready on an instant to change their abode. In California they follow the universal rule. In all of the towns they are found in large numbers. They nearly monopolise the retail business of the country. We have never known of a Jew who was engaged in mining, although there may be many such so occupied.—Ex.

☞Courage in women is thought by many of the fair sex to be so unfeminine that some fine ladies even affect cowardice, and pretend to be alarmed at the presence of a mouse in the corner, or a cow in a ten acre lot. But nothing can be more absurd. Fear is often pardoned in women, but is never admired. It has no connection with gentleness, or even gentility, and is the source of a vast deal of misery and discomfort.—Let women cultivate courage.

DOMESTIC DISPUTE.—A couple (not very long married) were contending what should be the name of their first and only child.

"William, my dear, I want to name him Peter."

"O no, love! I do not like Peter; he denied his master. Let us call him Joseph."

"Why, William! I can't bear Joseph, he denied his mistress."

☞A little girl was one night under the starry sky intently meditating upon the glories of the heavens. At last looking up to the sky she said, 'Father, I have been thinking if the wrong side of heaven is so beautiful, what will the right side be.'

☞Dobbs is a strong believer in 'guardian angels.' If it were not for them, he asks, what would keep people from rolling out of bed when they are asleep! This being a poser, we pass it over to the Seedy Trousers Debating Society.

Long Faces.

What a sad mistake it is to suppose that a man should be gloomy because he is devout; as if misery were acceptable to God on its own account, and happiness an offence against his dignity. A modern writer of much wisdom and pith of writing, says:—"There is a secret belief amongst some men that God is displeased with man's happiness, and so they slink about creation, ashamed and afraid to enjoy anything!" These are the people of whom Hood says, "They think they're pious when they're only bilious!"

A good man is almost always a cheerful one. It is fit that bad men should scowl, and look blue, and be melancholy; but he who has God's smile of approbation upon him, should show its radiance in his countenance. Doctor Johnson said he never knew "a villain in his life that was not, on the whole, an unhappy dog." And well he may be. But an honest man—the man with a good conscience—let him enjoy his sleep, and his dinner, and the love of his wife, and the prattle of his children, and show a beaming face to his neighbor. Surely there is no worse theology than that which teaches that he who has given such fulness of joy to beasts and birds, delights in the misery of men; or, that having filled our hearts with gladness, we ought to give the lie to his goodness, by wearing faces beclouded with woe and furrowed with pretended unhappiness.—Boston Post.

MINISTERS' SONS.—The following, from the Kenyon Collegian, is worthy of circulation:

A general impression has been that the children of ministers and deacons were worse than all others. So much was once said about it, that explorations were actually made to test its truth by a former secretary of the Massachusetts Sabbath-school board. In two hundred and sixty-eight families of ministers and deacons canvassed, twelve hundred and ninety children over fifteen years of age were found [illegible] stances which can be brought forward on this subject tend to show that the human form has not degenerated, and that men of the present age are of the same stature as at the beginning of the world. Thus, all the remains of the human body, the bones, and particularly the teeth, which have been found unchanged in the most ancient urns and burial places, demonstrate this point clearly. The oldest coffin in the world is that found in the great pyramid of Egypt; and this sarcophagus hardly exceeds the size of our ordinary coffin, being six feet and a half long. That we are not degenerating from the effects of civilization is clear, because the savages do not exceed us in height.

THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.—This venerated scene of our Lord's Passion is about a third of an acre in extent, and is surrounded by a low wall. When Mr. Catherwood was there, in 1834, taking the drawings for his beautiful Panorama of Jerusalem, the garden was planted with olive, almond, and fig trees. Eight of the olive trees are so large that they are said to have been in existence ever since the time of Jesus Christ, although we learn from Josephus that Titus cut down all the trees within 100 furlongs of the city. Those trees are highly venerated by the members of the Roman communion here, who consider any attempt to cut and injure them an act of profanation. Should any of them be known to pluck any of the leaves, he would incur a sentence of excommunication.—Curiosities of History.

☞Who can tell the value of a smile?—It costs the giver nothing, but is beyond price to the erring and relenting, the sad and cheerless, the lost and forsaken. It disarms malice—subdues temper—turns hatred to love—revenge to kindness, and paves the darkest path with gems of sunlight. A smile on the brow betrays a kind heart, a pleasant friend, an affectionate brother, a dutiful son, a happy husband. It adds a charm to beauty, it decorates the face of the deformed, and makes lovely woman resemble an angel of paradise.